

THE FARMINGTON TIMES

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WEED OUT THE TRAITORS

The Senatorial investigation into the workings of the German propaganda that was "played" in this country throughout the war has already developed almost unbelievable ramifications of that slimy monster, and is constantly disclosing additional people in high places as being connected with it.

Such investigation is disclosing "accessories to the crime" not only among people of German birth and extraction, but among Americans, with no German blood. Disclosures already made, are proving especially disastrous to the heads of the greatest universities of the country, showing that they were reeking with Hun sympathy, which such characters were ready and willing to "cash in for the price."

Such "combing" process should be continued until the last traitor has been uncovered, be he big or little. This country must now be thoroughly sterilized and purified, for the protection of all honest and patriotic citizens. No Benedict Arnolds must be overlooked. But The Times is pleased to note that the great bulk of the Americanized Germans are standing up under the "acid test" far better than are many so-called Americans. Yes, a thousand per cent better.

SHOULD NOW BE PROPERLY THRESHED

Now that the amalgamation of Hun butchers and murderers has been suppressed, overcome and disorganized in Germany, it might be well to turn the Allies loose in that country long enough to give each and every one of them who do not yet comprehend that they have been whipped, a genuine trouncing. Their manner of conduct since they threw up their hands, with the cry of "kamérad", is inclined to suggest that they consider the whole thing a joke. They should be dispossessed of such a feeling, and made to understand that they are now "down and out"—among the "has beens."

Listen to the following Associated Press dispatch from Amsterdam, under date of Dec. 8th:

The mental attitude evidently still widely is prevalent in Germany, which persists in regarding the German army as unbeaten, or, at least, as "vanquished victors", as a popular paradoxical German designation has it. This attitude is exemplified in the farewell proclamation to the inhabitants of the Rhineland issued by Gen. von Einem in evacuating the Rhine Provinces. In this message, as quoted in a Coblentz dispatch to The Dusseldorf Nachrichten, Von Einem said:

"You desire to see the victorious army which protected the Fatherland for four and one-half years against all its enemies. You wished to see for yourselves whether our strength was broken or whether we remained true sons of German sires. The glorious reception given us, the display of flags, the greetings extended, are the best evidence that you are satisfied with us and that we have not disappointed your expectations."

"We are proud of this, and we thank you. Although unfortunate circumstances brought the enemy into the land, he is not the victor in battle. Our hearts remain true to you, and you belong to us. Remain proud and German. Remember the good repute and honor of the Fatherland."

THE NEWSPAPER'S PART

The newspapers of the United States may well be proud of the part they played in helping to bring the war to a successful conclusion. The glorious story of how American Publishers cast aside all politics, buried their animosities and ignored all considerations to get behind the country may never be told. It is immaterial whether it ever is. The newspapers are not seeking praise for a duty well performed; the mere performance is sufficient reward.

It has not been easy at all times for the newspapers to stand by their duty. Hampered on all sides by restrictions, many of them almost submerged by increasing expenses and decreasing revenue, constantly harassed in mind as to which of several courses to follow, the daily periodicals nevertheless stood firmly for the right and carried on.

It is hardly necessary to mention the work done by the newspapers in solidifying sentiment for the war, their labors making the selective draft and the various government loans successes, and their assumption of the voluntary censorship which made it possible to move millions of men about the country and across the submarine-infested sea without danger.

A great number of industries made vast fortunes out of the war, but the newspapers are not among them. The publishers of the United States who will be able to count profits at the end of this year will be in a hopeless minority. The great majority will show losses, but the deficits will cause few tears from the publishers, says the St.

Louis Republic. They have done their bit, regardless of cost.

Many newspapers in the past year have raised their subscription prices, but the amount of revenue thus gained has by no means made up for the increase in expense due to the higher cost of white paper, labor and other essential items. Government restrictions prevented newspapers from exploiting their product and increasing their circulation. Hundreds of concerns manufacturing non-essentials were practically shut down by the government cutting off advertising revenues from the newspapers. The taking over of the railroads destroyed another great source of income, but few complaints were made. The government insisted the things it was doing were necessary to help win the war, and that was enough.

At times Washington put up some knotty problems to the newspapers. In the same mail a publisher would receive a notice to cut down the amount of white paper he was using and another communication asking him to devote several pages of news and cartoons to boosting the Liberty loan. The publishers even found ways out of such dilemmas.

For a time there was some agitation by the newspapers to have the government pay for its advertising just as it was paying other organizations for work done. Nothing came of it, however, the publishers declining to make an issue of the matter while the question of winning the war was at stake. As it was, space valued at millions of dollars was given gratis to the various departments at Washington. Much of it was of little news interest, but the government thought it would help.

The Republic did no more or no less than other newspapers. We did the best we could for America, and, if we say it ourself, we did a good job.

ENTER THE STATESMAN

Exit the soldier; enter the statesman. The swords are back in their scabbards, the throats of the guns are silent. The soldier returns to the walks of peace. He passes the statesman on his way—the statesman with his portfolios and his tomes of international laws.

The soldier has done his work well. He fought heroically. He suffered and endured. He buried his dead. He won the war.

And now the question arises: Will the statesman do his work—the work that awaits his hands—as well as the soldier did the work that was cut out for him?

It is a question as grave as was the other when the war began. Indeed, it is even a graver question, because the work of the soldier was to win the particular war in which he was engaged. The work of the statesman now is to end war forever.

That's it—to end war forever, no matter what other questions may arise. The statesmen, who are now soon to gather at the peace table of the world have a responsibility on their shoulders so far greater than the responsibilities ever borne by statesmen before that there is no comparison.

This is also exactly what they are scheduled to do, but will they do it? Or will they, instead, involve the parleys and the proceedings of the conference in squabbles, as it has been the custom of peace conferences to do, immemorably?

There is the possibility that the peace table may fail in the big task before it while doing many things for the world's future good. But there is a way to head off the possible misfortune.

That way is for the peoples of the democracies of the world, whose representatives the dictators at this peace table will be, to issue their orders to the plenipotentiaries; I say to them that they must, first and foremost, make a peace that will be lasting; that they must take full advantage of this one opportunity afforded in all the ages, to put an end to war forever.

That the fear of the failure of the Peace Conference to accomplish the one great blessing that no peace table ever had a chance to accomplish before is not without foundations, we have but to quote the words of Lloyd George, uttered a few days ago.

"Vigorous attempts will be made to hector and bully the Government," said the British Premier, "in an endeavor to make them part from the strict principles of right and to satisfy some base, sordid and squalid ideas of vengeance and avarice."

And he added this tremendous sentence to his speech: "Are we to lapse into the old national rivalries, animosities and competitive armaments, or are we to indicate the reign on earth of the Prince of Peace?"

No more satisfying and comforting utterance than this could be asked for, and it is all the more assuring since it comes from one of the men who will have as much to say as any other when the Peace Conference meets.

Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson—these are the men in whose hands are mainly now the destinies of the world. With the collapse of Germany, fate transferred its string and scissors from the soldier to the statesman.

But these three men are not Kings or Czars or Kaisers. They are merely the servants and the spokesmen of the free peoples of the nations they represent. So it is not so much what they are, themselves, as it is what the people are who are behind them.

These three men are in full accord. Not one of them desires vengeance; not one of them desires to see the world lapse into ancient animosities and squalid rivalries; each one would welcome the reign of the Prince of Peace on earth.

But, have they the peoples of their nations solidly back of them in these sentiments? Did Lloyd George speak not alone of a class in England who differ with his ideals, or did he speak of a class of the same kind in France and America as well?

There must be no Junkers at this peace table, which is now to be set up. And the Junkers, who will not sit at the peace table, must be barred

from a voice in the settlements that are to be made.

A Junker wants spoils and he favors wars as the surest means of providing these spoils. The Junker is a grabber; he advocates force or any other means that will add to the territory of the nation of which he is a part, whether such aggrandizement is just or unjust.

And it would appear from what Lloyd George says, that all the Junkers are not in Germany.

Maybe there are Junkers right here in America, but we trust that this is not the case. We think we are free of them, but we are not so certain that there is not a class in this country that fails to grasp the profound vision of this great hour.

If there be a man in all America today who thinks still that wars are a necessity, let him hold himself in patience until the boys who went "over there" and who endured the hell of Chateau Thierry and the Marne come home.

Let him ask them whether they think wars are necessary and whether they are in favor of or against the abolition of wars forever.

Wars were never necessary. It was simply impossible to prevent them, that's all.

But, it is not impossible to prevent them in the future. The opportunity to do so has come at last, after all the ignorance and squalid hatreds engendered by the mistakes and misunderstandings of the past.

Perhaps we shall never see the time when the heart of the individual man will be free of hatreds and animosities. That no man shall hate another man because of his race or religion or politics or his good fortune, is perhaps too much to expect.

But, nations are bigger than individuals, and more important, and they can do what the individual may not be expected to do. They can put an end to animosities between one nation and another, and now is the acceptable time.

Before the world had the experiences of this war, the contentions here put forth were laughed at as the moon-gazings of idealists. "Practical" people have joined the idealists' ranks.

There is no man, high or low, rich or poor, strong or weak, who has escaped the agony and the sorrow of the war which has just now ended. In the wide sweep of its sufferings and cruelties it gathered the universe in its withering arms.

And who shall say that in this God's purpose is not plain? Who shall say now that "an occasional war is advisable and good for the world?"

Those who said it before were those who had not tasted the bitter fruits of war. Now, all have tasted the fruits. Wherefore, the task of the statesman should be, in a way, easy.

There will be many problems to be solved at the table, and some of them will be extremely delicate, but they will all lead up to the main problem—a universal peace that will be lasting.

The militaristic nations of yesterday will have nothing to say in these settlements. The old Germany is a thing of the past. Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria are also things of the past. Democracies have already risen from the ashes of those once proud autocracies.

The peace-table decisions will be altogether in the hands of the conquerors, and these are America, Great Britain and France. The fate of the world is now in the hands of the statesmen of these nations.

There have been enmities between them in the past—enmities between France and America, even. They have all warred upon one another.

But during the past four years, through a common cause and common sufferings and the blood that they spilled in common, and their sons that went down to death in common graves together, they have been united in a bond that is stronger and holier than any welded by the blood of men before.

United, they have swept autocracy from the face of the earth. They have freed countless millions from subjection. They have set the world again in the sun.

Shall they now forget all this and sit down to quarrel between themselves at a peace table? Shall they rise from that table and leave the sword still unbroken; the helpless peoples still helpless?

If so, then a million graves in France are filled with British dead in vain; Serbia, Greece, Italy, France America and all have poured out blood and treasure for naught.

And America, whose honored dead—the flower of all the world—sleep to day between the Vosges and the Marne and in Flanders' fields, will see rise from the peace table and leave the world again a prey to war?—Los Angeles Times.

Nine hundred and seventeen newspapers, more or less, have gone out of business in the last year, and the Colt County Rustler came pretty near making it one more, as witness the following from that paper: "A Second Daniel came to judgment. A Belleville farmer sold potatoes in Belleville in September for \$2 a bushel. Last week he hunted up his customers and refunded 20 cents of the money, claiming that he had unwittingly charged more than the market price. What if the coal men—but no, the idea is too staggering. Save us, Cassius, or we sink."

They say there is a skin flint in Dexter who has \$10,000 in cash and he owns just one \$50 Liberty Loan Bond, and he hasn't given \$5 to the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and all other war work combined. If he keeps this up, before the winter's over he will be locking up his wood and coal to keep the freezing poor from gyping it in the dark. There's no limit to the depth of which a tight-wad may fall. We have a little freckled-faced German boy as office devil who he was getting only \$1.50 a week. It took three and one-third weeks' work to pay his subscription. This kid is worth more to Dexter than a thousand skunks like the above described.—Dexter Statesman.

IS LABOR WORTHY OF ITS HIRE?

Mr. Laboring Man:

The following gentlemen, Mr. Washburn of the Federal Lead Company, Mr. Thompson of the St. Louis Smetting & Refining Company, and Mr. Adams of the St. Joe-Doe Run Company, cannot be held amenable for the establishing of a five-day working-week in lieu of a six, and more often, seven-day working-week, as you have had. These gentlemen are simply hirelings of the above respective companies and if they wish to serve their employers faithfully and well, their only and imperative duties are to execute the mandates of their respective companies without let or hindrance, fear or favor.

But the gentlemen referred to above are under obligations to treat all laborers at the plants where they have supervisory control with that courtesy and consideration that one gentleman should bestow upon another.

Because of the character of labor that one man performs may not go well with a fried shirt and a four-in-hand tie, does not argue that he is not equal and very often the superior of the high-collared office man in those things that enter into the wool and warp of true manliness and manhood.

The day is here and is being so recognized by the men of true vision, that the laboring man must be recognized and considered in any worthwhile industrial scheme that has been, or that may be projected if success is to be obtained in such scheme or schemes.

The day is past and is only an unpleasant reminiscence, when the laboring man was regarded as a mere chattie and as being unworthy of humanly treatment and gentlemanly consideration.

Out of this great war the laboring man has been transformed into an uncrowned king, that is, his importance as the greatest factor in the world's progress and stability is just now being realized and valued. A new day has dawned (not the Millennial Dawn) and a new deal will be rolled-out to labor, and that will be a square deal, which will be of equal rank to that which will be accorded to capital.

Men like Charles W. Schwab, head of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, and Harry A. Wheeler, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, have caught the new vision, for at Atlantic City, on the 4th inst., these gentlemen attended an assembly of four thousand men, in which virtually every branch of business and industry of our country was represented, and delivered messages on the readjustment and reconstruction problem that is facing our people in this new day. The part of these messages directly pertaining to labor was that labor had an inherent right to organize in its own behalf, and that no unfair hand must be laid on labor.

Mr. Schwab, heretofore never considered as the especial friend of labor, delivered himself in this manner:

"I believe in the fairness of the American laborer, and I also believe that the only foundation upon which anything can rest with permanency is the economic use of everything, matters not whether labor, material or manufacture, and that any foundation of organized labor or capital thus not based must utterly fail," that he seriously doubts if labor ever received its just share of the prosperity of this great country. He further said, "that we, as manufacturers, must open our eyes to a wider vision of the present and future with reference to our workmen." Ways and means must be devised by which capital and labor must be synonyms and share equally, not in theory, but in practice. We must not only talk of these things but we must do them.

Fellow laborers, these are some of the lessons that are being learned and assimilated by the captains of industry, and the employer of labor who don't catch the new vision should be bored for the simples.

In conclusion will say, that if Messrs. Crane, Guess, and Carpenter, presidents of the companies before named, don't catch the vision of the new day, their employees will.

As regards the above. The new "labor week" of five days, no doubt, prefaces the beginning of the future policy of these respective companies and only dimly foreshadows what is in the minds of these "comorants of wealth" to be ladled out to the laboring men, of their employ, in the future. This action on the part of these companies cannot be justified or upheld by any method of reasoning and is only a subterfuge—a sham. When we contemplate the huge profits that these companies have realized, during the years of 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, and up to the present time in this year of grace, and when we reflect that their laborers have received only a small tithe of what was justly and honestly due them, and this only during the last two of the fat years, during which they were only partially paid in proportion to the profits which accrued to their employers, we cannot refrain from the following comparison, viz: The Kaiser and his full larder and the common German with his saw-dust bread and paper tresseau.

The St. Joe-Doe Run Company for the aforesaid years, have, from unquestioned authority, accumulated profits averaging more than ten millions each year, while it is only reasonable to assume that the other companies did equally as well, or better. Where and what are the dividends of the laborers?

Like Mr. Schwab, we believe that labor has an inherent right to organize for the advancement and perpetuation of its rightful interests, and we are derelict in our duty if we fail to do so.

Yours sincerely,
A LABORING MAN.

When Pershing's rough-necks hit France, they proposed several things which the officers of the Allies said couldn't be done, and the Yanks adopted the motto, "It Can't Be Done—We'll Do It." And they did it.—Dexter Statesman.



The Farmer Receives More Than Five Thousand Dollars a Minute From Swift & Company

This amount is paid to the farmer for live stock, by Swift & Company, alone, during the trading hours of every business day.

All this money is paid to the farmer through the open market in competition with large and small packers, shippers, speculators and dealers.

The farmer, feeder, or shipper receives every cent of this money (\$300,000 an hour, nearly \$2,000,000 a day, \$11,500,000 a week) in cash, on the spot, as soon as the stock he has just sold is weighed up.

Some of the money paid to the farmer during a single day comes back to the company in a month from sale of products; much does not come back for sixty or ninety days or more. But the next day Swift & Company, to meet the demands made by its customers, must pay out another \$2,000,000 or so, and at the present high price levels keeps over \$250,000,000 continuously tied up in goods on the way to market and in bills owed to the company.

This gives an idea of the volume of the Swift & Company business and the requirements of financing it. Only by doing a large business can this company turn live stock into meat and by-products at the lowest possible cost, prevent waste, operate refrigerator cars, distribute to retailers in all parts of the country—and be recompensed with a profit of only a fraction of a cent a pound—a profit too small to have any noticeable effect on the price of meat or live stock.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



LIVE STOCK MARKET

National Stock Yards, Ill., Dec. 10.
Cattle 9000
Hogs 28,000
Sheep 4,000

CATTLE.—Last week's big advance for cattle was an inducement too hard to withstand, and the result was that the country at large dumped in their holdings, too liberally this week, and fully 25c per cwt. was shaved off of the former price level for all classes of cattle. The light weight and fleshy stuff are particularly hard to move at this decline, necessitating a poor clearance each day. The unevenness characterizing the market of late only emphasizes our statements we have made from time to time, that the outcome of the market lies wholly within the hands of the shippers, because invariably on light receipts the market has promptly responded with strength and advances, likewise has sagged to unusual low levels just the moment the influx has been too heavy. The big runs will soon be a thing of the past, and then we look for a more stability of the trade, and ultimately look forward to see good fat cattle sell higher than ever known before.

HOGS.—Unable to resist the temptation of liquidating their holdings, hog men, simply through their desire to ship, have glutted the market, and the result of this is, that effective tonight at midnight, a 48 hour embargo against the acceptance of hogs for this market goes in full sway. This shows what a premeditated desire to ship hogs too freely, when the food administration is trying to stabilize and protect the farmers' interests. To further illustrate this, a week ago today, very best hogs sold at \$18.20, today the same grade brings \$17.60. In addition to to-day's heavy receipts, there were 12,000 hold-overs from yesterday, and under the conditions the market is laboring, it was entirely too many, and the embargo resulted. The strictly good fat hogs weighing 200 lbs. and upward could be moved, but the 160 to 180 lb. kind were practically neglected, it not being a case of price, while on hogs, which are not figured in the minimum daily buy, the market was fully \$1 to \$1.50 lower than the close last week. Since the Food Administration and the Allied interests have agreed upon the maintenance of the \$17.40 minimum to apply through January, hog men, by all means, should keep their light stuff at home, and feed them for the January

market. Make them good weights, because they will have to bring an average of \$17.40 at that time.

SHEEP.—No particular change can be noticed on lambs compared with a week ago, though fat sheep, through their scarcity, have advanced fully 25 to 50c per cwt. Supplies have been moderate and demand, as a rule, conforms to the available numbers.

National Live Stock Commission

DIES IN ST. LOUIS HOSPITAL

John Henry Wood, who has lived in Flat River for many years, died at Barnes Hospital, in St. Louis, Friday, November 29, 1918, aged 50 years, 10 months and 14 days. He was afflicted with cancer of the stomach and bowels, and has been in failing health for more than a year. He had been taken to Barnes Hospital a week previous to his death, in the hope that he would be benefited.

The funeral services were conducted at the family residence here Sunday, December 1, at 12 o'clock, by Rev. Stamm, pastor of the Christian church. Interment was made at the Christian Cemetery in Fredericktown.

Mr. Wood had been a member of the Flat River Christian Church for about 7 years, and had lived a consistent Christian life. He was a man of sterling worth, and will be greatly missed in this community.

He leaves eight children by a former marriage: Ed and Bert of St. Louis, Mrs. Bessie Bond of Alton, Ill., Mrs. Olive Blankenship of Desloge, Mrs. Retta Schlosser of St. Louis, Willard and Vera of Flat River and John Nolan who is at home with his mother. He had a son, Harry, who left home more than a year ago, from whom they have not heard since. The present Mrs. Wood and son, John Nolan is by a second marriage.

He also leaves an aged father, Josiah Wood, who lives at Farmington, two brothers, Chas. of Farmington, and Oscar, of Flat River, and two sisters, Mrs. Nell Kelley and Mrs. Jennie Skaggs, both of Flat River.—Lead Belt News.

DRY-CLEANING

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